

# Yard-Sitting During the Pandemic

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*Anna Laura Reeve*

Yellow-jacket, tiny  
poison packet, swings like a censer,  
wafting awareness between every grass clump.

After a night of little sleep, thick cloud cover.  
Breezes too slight to be registered by trees  
make the grasses quiver.

Apples fall from the tree badly split by storm.  
Heavy, dimpled by insects, mottled  
and thinly striped, thump.

The belly of the yard rises  
and falls. I perch on it  
in a folding chair,

teetering for a moment,  
until I set my coffee down, finding the correct  
center of gravity.

There are none so evil  
that grass dies under their feet.

When the neighbor's cat wandered in, a mockingbird flew low  
over its head, making a loud chip call, calling chip,  
chip, until the cat turned and walked away.

# Every Year, Another Invitation to Change Your Life

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*Anna Laura Reeve*

In November sweetshrubs and spicebushes yellow,  
dropping bright pendulous leaves  
slowly as dipperfuls of honey.

My elderly neighbor finds autumn depressing, saying  
everything dies in autumn,

that the trees are catching fire  
and burning to bones.

I never understood this.

As a child I saw leaves fall like snowglobe storms  
or confetti drops on TV.

I saw the old women of the forest shimmying like flappers  
or rocking like congregants catching the Spirit,  
hands high above their heads.

Now I see them joyously cutting each others' hair,  
shaking off too-tight bras,

baring private trunks striped with stretch marks  
for the sun to warm,

I see hackberry leaves taking each others' hands to jump together.

Autumn asks if I know

how to cut my own hair. I used to. I don't.

God never rested on the seventh day, not here in the valley.

It was the fourth day. She took off her bright clothes and fell  
into bed.